

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Pietro's Gratitude.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

RICHARD WONSON, head of the Richard Wonson Building Company, was seated in the little temporary office which had been erected adjacent to the mill building which was under process of construction. It was the noon hour, and thirty or forty masons were seated in the shadow of the mill wall, eating their dinner. An organ-grinder with a monkey was amusing the workmen. Suddenly a loud guffaw mingled with the shrill chattering of the monkey and the angry exclamations of the Italian organ-grinder aroused Wonson, and he stepped to the door of the little shack.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"Young Bartley tossed the monk a penny that was blistering hot," laughed one of the men. "Heated it with half a dozen lighted matches."

"That so, Bartley?" questioned Wonson, casually, apparently.

"Sure thing, Mr. Wonson," chuckled Bartley. "You ought to have seen him jump and dance when he had picked it up."

"Well, Bartley, you can jump and dance now," snapped back the contractor. "Go to the main office and get your pay. You're fired!"

"I only did it for fun," pleaded Bartley, his jaw dropping.

"Well, you are fired in earnest," growled Wonson. "Go get your pay!"

"He burna da monk!" cried the Italian.

"It won't happen again around here," declared Wonson, pausing to pet the little animal. "Here, put that in your pocket," he added, handing the Italian a half-dollar.

Two months had passed. The big one-hundred-and-seventy-five-foot chimney of the mill was nearing completion. It was near the noon hour. At the top of the chimney were three workmen; among them was Richard Wonson's son, a young man of twenty, who was learning his trade. At the base of the chimney stood a powerful horse attached to a long pulley by which mortar and brick were hoisted to the masons. A portion of a brick slipped out of young Wonson's hand and an instant later landed on the hindquarters of the horse.

Things happened, and happened very fast during the next thirty seconds. The horse bolted, and the half-filled bucket of mortar shot aloft with amazing speed. When it reached the top of the chimney it struck against the scaffolding with tremendous force. A number of loose boards fell, and their clatter still further frightened the horse, he leaped frantically into

the harness. The entire scaffolding swayed and an instant later the top began to give way.

The three workmen realizing their danger, straddled the chimney, and it was well that they did, for scarcely had they done so when the platform upon which they had been standing crashed to the ground. Richard Wonson rushing out to the scene of the disaster, found the entire scaffolding torn away, with the exception of a small portion on the farther side of the chimney. This reached clear to the top, but was so flimsy that the touch of the hand caused it to sway.

Richard Wonson groaned. He realized that it would take many hours to erect a staging; knew that night would fall long before his son and the other two men

on, and presently he reached the marooned men. Having fished two or three coins from their pockets, the men gave them to the little simian, and at the same time they loosed the cord which he had brought to them. A moment later the monkey was rapidly descending.

Meanwhile a stouter cord had been brought to the base of the chimney, and this having been hauled up, an inch rope was made fast to it, which in turn was dragged up by the imperilled workmen. This rope was now made fast about the chimney-top and taking a firm grip on it, the first of the men began the descent. Hand over hand he made his way down, and in short order reached the ground. Scarcely had his feet touched the ground when the second workman started down

the rope, and he shortly arriving in safety. Wonson's son seized the rope and followed. When the contractor's son reached terra firma a great shout was sent up by the assembled workmen.

"Gooda da monk!" cried the Italian, who again had secured the little animal with its leash. An instant later he began to grind out the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana.

"Keep him here with pennies, boys," choked Richard Wonson. "I'm going to the bank. Will be back inside of twenty minutes."

For fifteen minutes the men fished for pennies, nickels, and dimes, keeping the monkey busy picking them up and stowing them away in his pockets, while the men hugely enjoyed the wide grin on the Italian's face. Finally Wonson returned and, taking a seat on a timber, began tossing quarters to the monkey. There seemed to be no end to the number that the contractor drew from the bag and flipped onto the ground. The

monkey's pockets overflowed and the knowing creature ran to his master for help. Unloading the monkey's pockets, and filling his own with the bright coins, the Italian excitedly ground out the music. The steady flow of coins seemed to excite the monkey. He picked them up as fast as he could and stowed them away in his pockets, the while chattering, at times fairly shrieking.

When at last the whole of the hundred dollars in quarters which Wonson had brought from the bank, had been picked up, the contractor stepped up to the Italian and gripped his hand.

"Pietro, you saved my boy's life and the lives of two of my men," choked Wonson.

"Pietro glad," replied the organ-grinder, simply. "Pietro riska da monk 'cause you no like burna da hand."



Photograph by Felix J. Koch.

PIETRO AND HIS FRIEND AND HELPER.

could be reached. While he was staring helplessly aloft, the organ-grinder whose monkey had been burned by the heated penny approached. The Italian took hold of the remaining scaffolding and a moment later stepped up to Wonson.

"Bring ball a da string!" he commanded. "Pietro send monk to da top."

In an instant the situation cleared. Wonson grasped the Italian's thought, and running to the workmen's tool-chest, secured a big ball of stout twine. Returning, he handed it to the Italian, who in turn tied one end to the monkey's collar. Having slipped off the monkey's customary leash, the Italian pointed to the remaining joists of the staging, and the next instant the monkey was scampering toward the top of the chimney. Two or three times the monkey hesitated as the joist trembled, but his master urged him

Windows.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

AS down the village street I go,
I find the houses watching me,
For in each house there is a soul
That looks through windows outwardly.

One house is like a pleasant friend;
Through woodbine green its windows smile
So tenderly you know its soul
Is free from evil thought or guile.

Another has the eyes of youth
That twinkle as you go along;
You know within are hearts that love
And lips that often move in song.

Another has a haughty mien;
So chilly is its glance at you,
You hasten on with rapid step
To get beyond that scornful view.

And one there is that seems to have
A mother's gentle, loving ways;
Its windows seem to say, "Within
Is shelter from life's stormy days."

When down the village street I go,
I see not windows wrought of glass,
But eyes of many moods and minds
That turn and watch me as I pass!

Through the Tower Windows.*

A FABLE OF THE GIRL WHO HAD NOTHING TO GIVE.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

ONCE upon a time there was a Girl named Sue who had a very beautiful ideal. She wanted to go through life making every one happy whose life she touched. But she was very much discouraged about ever being able to do this, for she thought that the only way to make people happy was to give them fine trips and beautiful presents and she didn't have money enough to do that. In fact she didn't have fine trips nor beautiful presents herself. The only things she could do for people were the most commonplace everyday Kindnesses.

The more poor Sue thought about it, the more discouraged she became, and finally she decided she would have to give up her beautiful ideal entirely.

"Oh, no, don't do that!" begged her friend Laura, with whom she talked it over. "At least not until you go down to Life's Bureau of Adjustments and consult the Manager there. Don't you remember how wonderfully he helped me? I'll go with you this very afternoon."

Poor, discouraged Sue had no faith that anybody could do anything to help such a perfectly hopeless trouble as hers, but she didn't see how she could refuse without being exceedingly rude to Laura, so she went.

The Manager, who was a very polite young man indeed, listened very sympathetically while Sue told him her troubles.

"It does seem a great pity," he said when she had finished, "that there is nothing in the world that you can do for people when you want so much to make them happy. Something will certainly

have to be done about that. It would be such a shame to have that beautiful ideal lost! Perhaps we can find out if there isn't somebody who would really enjoy something that money can't buy.

"Let me see now. I often find out a good many valuable things by going into my Tower Room and looking through some little windows that I have up there. Now I happen to know that two people are going this afternoon to visit a poor little sick boy over on Cedar Street—with the idea, I fancy, of making him happy. Else why should they go?"

"Suppose, now, we look and see if either one of them carries anything that you could afford to give."

He led the way then to his Tower Room, seated Sue in a comfortable chair and opened a quaint little latticed window beside her. "Look," said he; and on the instant Sue found herself looking into a rather dreary little room where a crippled child lay on a bed.

"His mother is away working," explained the Manager. "She has to leave him in order to earn money for them both. No one can see or hear us. The windows don't open on their side."

Just at that moment the door of the little room opened and a tall, handsomely dressed woman entered. She turned as she came in and took a basket from a man in livery who stood outside. The child's face brightened with interest as he saw the basket, but it clouded again as the woman took a seat by his bed and began to talk.

"How do you do David?" said she. "Your mother is still out, I see. At work again is she? Yes? That is very wrong indeed of your mother, David. She ought to realize that with a child like you, her place is at home!"

"Oh, doesn't she know? Can't she see?" demanded Sue, turning away from the window in her disgust. "And anyway the poor little boy isn't to blame. She oughtn't to scold him."

But the Manager merely smiled and motioned for her to look out of the window again.

This time the visitor was telling the little boy that he shouldn't toss around, so much in bed and that he mustn't on any account eat between meals. (She had seen the plate of ginger cookies that his mother had left on a chair beside his bed.)

"Now I have here," she said, taking the parcels out of the basket, "some nourishing broth, and some jelly and a chicken—and other food much better fitted to a child who is sick in bed. I must see your mother and speak to her on the subject. They are for your supper."

And she went out, leaving the tempting dishes on a table away over on the other side of the room.

When she had gone the little boy sat straight up in bed. At first he looked longingly at the beautiful red jelly and the delicious brown chicken, and then he turned and shook his tiny fist at the closed door.

"Oh, I hate you!" he sobbed. "I hate you for the way you talked about my mother! And I hate your things too, because of that! Take them away; take them away!" He turned and hid his tear-stained little face in the pillow.

"Why! Did you hear that?" exclaimed

the Manager, in great surprise. "Those lovely gifts!"

"Ye—es," answered Sue. "But he did like the things really, if she hadn't spoiled them by what she said."

The Manager smiled and said nothing more except, "Keep on looking."

Pretty soon the door opened again and an attractive young girl came in.

"Is this David Marsh?" she said briskly. "Your mother's a washerwoman? Yes? Well our Club has your name on its Charity List and they have sent you over a book and a game. Here they are. Good-bye and I hope you'll be better soon."

And away she went before the bewildered little David could even ask her to sit down or stammer "Thank you." But his eyes brightened again as he saw the packages she had left on the bed and he started at once to undo them. The book he couldn't manage at all, for the twine was very thick and heavy and the knots were very tight; but finally he succeeded in pulling the wrappings off the game. For a time he was quite busy trying to find out what to do with it and to balance it on his poor little crooked knees under the bedclothes. Then he dropped back upon his pillows with a heartbroken little wail. "Oh, if she'd only stayed and played it with me—or given me some of my jelly! Oh, I wish Mother would come! I'm so lonesome! And so thirsty!" He buried his face once more in the bedclothes and sobbed.

Sue choked a little herself and jumped to her feet.

"Oh, the poor little boy!" she cried, with tears in her eyes, "the poor, dear little soul! Tell me just where he lives, Mr. Manager, and I'll go right over to see him!"

"You?" inquired the Manager, with a funny little smile. "What for? What could you do for that little boy? He has several very nice gifts, and"—

But Sue never noticed the smile. "Why, a great many things," she cried. "Can't you see? I could play his game with him, and straighten his bedclothes, and serve him some of those nice things to eat, and undo his book, and get him a glass of water, and talk to him, tell him stories— Why there are half a dozen things to do for him right this minute. He's lonesome, poor dear! Didn't you hear? And those horrid people!"

"They brought him some lovely presents, you know," said the Manager, mediately.

"But he needs somebody to help him enjoy his presents," explained Sue. "If you'll tell me"—

"Fortunately his mother has just come in," said the Manager, easily. "You turned away from the window just as she opened the door. I'm very glad, for I have another thing here that I want you to see." He led the way to another window.

"This," he explained, "looks into a very fine house over on the West Hill. Perhaps you know that girl."

Sue looked. "Why, it's Doris Braithwaite!" she said in surprise. "Why are you having me look at her? She's very rich. She used to come to our school, but she seemed so stuck-up and standoffish that nobody got really acquainted with her. Since then I've often seen her driving around in her uncle's great big

automobile with her companion, and she usually bows to me. She has the most wonderful clothes I ever saw. And except for being an orphan, she's the luckiest girl I ever knew. She's as pretty as a picture; and just look at that lovely room! Oh, if only!"

"Hush!" whispered the Manager, gently; and as Sue obeyed, Doris Braithwaite's voice came floating through the air.

"Oh, no, Uncle," she was saying languidly. "I really don't care to go away on a trip to Colorado while you're gone. If I only had some girl friends now! But somehow I never get really acquainted with any nice girls. And oh, Uncle, I'd be willing to wear nothing but gingham *always*, and walk everywhere, if I could only have some chums like Sue Harlan and Laura Potter! I always admired them so—particularly Sue. She is so sweet, and so jolly, and the other girls always have such a good time when she is around. And Laura!"

Once more Sue turned away from the window and jumped to her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Manager!" she cried, with her cheeks very pink. "Did you hear what she said? That lovely Doris Braithwaite! Wishing she was a chum of ours! Why, I'd love to have her for a friend! I'll go right over and get Laura!"

"Just wait a minute, do, Miss Sue," laughed the Manager, softly, with a little twinkle in his eye. "Of course it's very hard for me to understand what you think you and your friend Laura can give Miss Doris that will be better than a trip to Colorado, but anyway that can wait until later. There is one more thing that I'm anxious for you to see."

Smilingly he led the way to another little window and threw it open. "This house is on the West Hill too, but I don't believe you know these people. It's the grandmother's birthday."

An old lady was seated in a soft luxurious chair beside a glowing fireplace in a pretty room. On a table by her side there were all sorts of lovely gifts: bags and caps and books and flowers and shawls—oh, everything that an old lady could want. But the old lady wasn't looking at the gifts. She was looking instead far into the depths of the fire and it seemed to Sue as if her eyes were full of tears.

"Though it can't be possible," said Sue, "on her birthday, and with all the wonderful presents."

But just at that moment there came a little knock at the door and the old lady looked quickly around. Yes, she had been crying. But as the door opened, such a smile lighted her face that Sue forgot all about the tears.

"Come in, dearie," called the old lady. "Oh, I hoped it was you, Della! I've been looking forward all day to your coming."

"And wasn't it the biggest shame that I couldn't get here before?" cried the curly-haired girl, who had entered, as she rushed across the room and gathered up the little old lady in an embrace that nearly smothered her. "Ordinarily I love to work, you know, Grandma, but to have to sit tied to that typewriter all Saturday morning when it is the Dearest-Grandmother-in-the-World's birthday, and you were dying to spend it with her, was

certainly awful!" She pulled a modest box of candy out of her pocket. "And here are some peppermint drops for you, Dearie, just the kind you like. I went clear over on North Street to make sure. I'm sorry there weren't more, but I knew you would never forgive me if I took too much out of my board money."

Presently they seated themselves by the fire, with the girl on a stool by the old lady's side, and there they sat and talked and laughed together like the closest of chums.

"This is just the nicest kind of present," said the old lady, "because of all the love and thought and care that it represents. But it's not the very nicest of all, dearie. The very nicest is having one of my grandchildren who is not satisfied just to step in and say 'Happy birthday, Granny!' and leave a package, but who really has time and love and sympathy to give her granny, too. All the rest love me too, I know; but—oh, my dear—old people especially hunger for the expression of love more than they do for bread."

Sue was frankly sobbing now as she turned away, and the Manager closed the little lattice gently behind her. "I've learned my lesson," she said, looking up at him after a minute. "And I never need think my hands are empty again, need I, when I can fill them so full of gifts?"

The Bobbin Boy.

BY R. E. FARLEY.

MORE than three-quarters of a century ago, in a long low cottage with a queer tiled roof, the boy was born.

The father was a weaver, doing his work upon a hand loom. He was considered a fairly prosperous man, but far from rich.

Until he was eight years old the boy was taught by his uncle who was a peddler of candy. Then he was sent for a short time to school; and here he earned

his first money—a penny which the schoolmaster gave him for reciting a poem.

Soon the little fellow was put to work in a foundry. Hard work for a small chap, but he was a plucky lad and never complained. He even found time to do a good deal of reading, for he was determined to have an education.

In the meantime his father's business was losing ground, for steam looms were coming in, and gradually the orders grew less until there came a day when there was no work, and presently, from being fairly well to do, the family was reduced to poverty.

Finally it was decided that they come to America. In those days it was a great undertaking; for they had to come in a sailing vessel, and it took seven weeks to make the trip. But it was a brave little family—that father and mother and the boy and his brother. They believed in the old saw, "Nothing ventured, nothing won." They had no money, so were obliged to borrow from the candy peddler to make the voyage.

The father soon found work in a cotton factory, and the boy got a position as bobbin boy at a dollar and twelve cents a week. He was only twelve. The work was very hard and the hours were long, but the boy was happy. He said that that one dollar and twelve cents a week was more to him than all the money that afterward came to him, for he was proud of being able to help support the family. He longed for wealth for his mother, that she might have the comforts of life. She was his ideal, his counselor and helper; for her no task was too long, no work too hard.

But a bobbin boy's future does not look very bright. What chance had this poor little immigrant to make money?

After a while the boy got another job, but it was harder still, for it was running a steam engine for a small factory. It was a great responsibility for a lad of twelve, for if he made a mistake the whole plant would be blown to bits. Sometimes the work worried him so that he



FRUITS OF THE HARVEST.



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469 STEVENS STREET,
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

My Dear Miss Buck,—We go to the Unitarian church of North Andover. We have, instead of Sunday school, a junior church for the children. Our minister's name is Rev. William S. Nichols. We both belong to the Young People's Union, and now we would like to belong to the Beacon Club. We are sending some Twisted Rivers and hope they will be printed in *The Beacon*.

Yours truly,

ETHEL CROSS.
AND
HELEN H. DUFTON.

212 BECKWITH STREET,
AUBURN, R.I.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I read *The Beacon*. I try to do the puzzles.

I am eleven years old and I am in the fifth grade.

I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

LIGNE LAWSON.

707 EAST CINCINNATI AVENUE,
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Dear Miss Buck,—My name is Harold Tatsch, and I am seven years of age, and have a little sister, Myrtle Ruby, three years old. We both go to the Unitarian Sunday school, and like it very much. We want to go every Sunday. Our minister is Mr. Schoenfeld, and we like him so much; and our teacher Miss Frieda Fuchs, and we love her dearly.

We are reading *The Beacon* every Sunday, and are very fond of it. Will close my little letter for this time.

Sincerely yours,

HAROLD TATSCH.

1459 BEACON STREET,
BROOKLINE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. The story I like the best is "The Hopeful Journey." I go to a Unitarian Sunday school in Brookline. Our minister's name is Rev. Thomas Van Ness. He has gone on a vacation and is not coming back until next May. So we have another minister for now. I would like to join the Beacon Club very much.

Yours truly,

PERSIS RICE.

could not sleep; yet he always looked on the bright side and made a firmer resolve to win.

Presently we find him a telegraph messenger boy with a salary of three dollars a week. He said that when he obtained this position he thought he was the happiest boy alive. It was hard work at first, for he had worked in factory or engine room and was not familiar with the business part of the city; but, nothing daunted, he set to work to commit to memory all the names of the commercial houses on the principal streets.

He was allowed to practice on the instruments in the morning before the operators came; and he was at the office bright and early each day, for he was determined to learn telegraphy.

One morning, as the boy was busy practicing, there came an important message. Without a moment's hesitation he proceeded to take the message, and when the operators arrived they found that it was correct. This feat led to his promotion to be operator; for which he received three hundred dollars a year. Shortly before this his father had died, so that his mother and brother were partly dependent upon him for support. This added responsibility only made him more determined to make good.

For some little time a prominent railroad man had been watching the boy's progress and presently offered him a position as operator. Still keeping his eye on the lad, the man saw that he was cheerful, willing, honest, and diligent; and he resolved to help him. Learning of some stock which could be bought for five hundred dollars, he offered to advance one hundred dollars if the boy could find the rest. The boy accepted the offer although he had no idea where the four hundred dollars was coming

from; but he was sure that his mother would help him out, for she had never yet failed him. Mother would know what to do. She did; for she mortgaged her home to raise the money.

Years afterward, when the boy had grown to full manhood and had won success and wealth beyond his brightest dreams, he said that he owed it all to his mother. He declared that it was her wise counsel, her loving encouragement and faith that gave him, the little bobbin boy,—Andrew Carnegie,—his start.

The Walloping Wind.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS

OH, rough are the hands of the Walloping Wind

When he pummels the house in the night,

With insolent shoulders he jostles the walls,

Provoking a blustering fight;

He slaps at the shutters, he yells down the throat

Of the chimney that's wicked and wide, He taunts little flames to leap up from the logs

And romp on the shingles outside;

He roars through the maples, pretending a rage,

He cuffs all the branches with glee, He rocks on the top with a rollicking laugh

That sounds like the surge of the sea;

Oh, rough are the hands of the Walloping Wind,

When he pummels the house in the night,

With insolent shoulders he swaggers about Provoking a blustering fight.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 9, 13, 8, 14, 16, was a great deluge.
My 21, 8, 29, 2, was in the ark.
My 1, 26, 25, 24, was a city famous for its fine purple.
My 11, 4, 15, 14, 16, was a cruel king.
My 7, 10, 6, 27, 11, 12, 21, was the first Christian martyr.
My 27, 31, 1, 3, 18, was one of the apostles.
My 20, 7, 15, 17, 22, 28, was a great kingdom.
My 13, 6, 23, 20, was one of the tribes belonging to that kingdom.
My 30, 19, 16, 25, 8, 21 was a brook near the Garden of Gethsemane.
My whole is a precept to be found in the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs.

ENIGMA XIV.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 6, 1, should always be obeyed.
My 4, 2, 12, is an untruth.
My 7, 17, 16, comes in the spring.
My 15, 5, 10, 11, is a small stream of water.
My 14, 9, 18, 13, 16, is a name given to a rabbit.
My 8, 9, 19, is to sever.
My whole is the name of an American poet.

ADDING A CONSONANT.

Insert one consonant a sufficient number of times in the following line of letters to make it a readable sentence:

E T E R ' S I C K L E D E E R S O E D

RECONSTRUCTED WORDS.

In each sentence one blank is filled with a word reconstructed from the letters of the word in the other blank. Each blank contains a word of six letters.

1. The young artist evidently possesses
2. The schoolboy got into a through his
3. The school walked by the side of the
4. The stopped swimming for want of
5. My friend had to and so we

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 5.

ENIGMA IX.—William Henry Harrison.

ENIGMA X.—Massachusetts.

WORD SQUARE.—A M O S
M O R E
O R A L
S E L L

CHANGEABLE COLORS.—1. Black, slack, clack.
2. Blue, clue, glue. 3. Gray, pray, fray. 4. Yellow, mellow, bellow. 5. Tan, can, fan.

TWISTED FISH.—1. Pickerel. 2. Trout. 3. Hornpout. 4. Minnow. 5. Salmon. 6. Whale. 7. Perch.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.—1. Guinea. 2. James. 3. Don. 4. Cod. 5. Virginia. 6. Washington.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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